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When Worlds Collide: Part 2

The story so far...

The Doctor, Amy, and Rory have come to Multiworld—a vacation planet built on a rift where multiple alternate adventures overlay each other. But when a Sontaran vessel crash-landed, the mixture of radiation merged the worlds randomly, and the Doctor and his companions were separated! Now trapped in three worlds, each must find the TARDIS while escaping the clutches of multiple sets of Sontarans, each based on the world they're in...

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WORLD ONE. THE DOCTOR.

BAD KEVIN! BAD KEVIN!

NO CHASING AND EATING TIME LORDS!

I REALLY WON'T AGREE WITH YOU! TOO STRINGY! AND I'LL KEEP REPEATING!

COME ON, COME ON! WHY DID I LET AMY KEEP THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER—

SHRIPP

WHAT? THAT'S JUST CHEATING!

NOW, KEVIN, YOU NEED TO TRY TO REMEMBER WHO, OR WHAT YOU ARE! YOU'RE A ROBOT, NOT A DINOSAUR!

DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS... UM... THIS CINEMA TICKET ON YOU—

GRAWLL!
WHOA!
SWOOSH
A CARPET! AN ACTUAL FLYING CARPET!
FLYING. CARPET. INCREDIBLE!
YOU'RE WELCOME, BY THE WAY.
YOU KNOW, FOR SAVING YOU FROM THAT MAN-EATING DINOSAUR BACK THERE!
WHAT, KEVIN? HE'S HARMLESS. WELL, USUALLY, ANYWAY.
HELLO, I'M THE DOCTOR. AND I DON'T RECALL MAGIC CARPETS BEING AROUND IN THE JURASSIC PERIOD!
WELL, UP TO FIVE MINUTES AGO, I WASN'T IN THE JURASSIC PERIOD!
NAME'S LISA, LISA EVERWELL. SAVED UP ALL MY LIFE FOR AN ARABIAN NIGHTS ADVENTURE HERE!
AND TWO DAYS IN—POOF! I'M FIGHTING DINOSAURS AND RUNNING FROM CALIPH SUL'TARAN!
THE WORLDS MUST HAVE MERGED WHEN THE SHIP CRASHED—
—WAIT... CALIPH SUL'TARAN?
YEAH. DODGY-LOOKING BLOKE. CHASING US WITH HIS MATES. LOOK.
NOW I WASN'T EXPECTING TO SEE THAT...

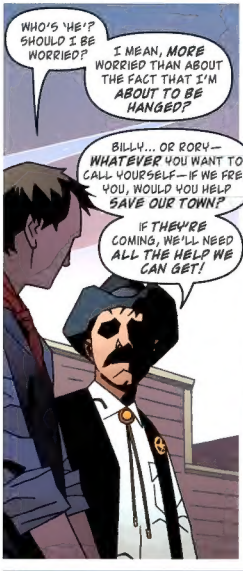
KILL THEM! CAPTURE THE INFIDELS!
REGAIN THE SWORD OF DAGGERS!

SONTARANS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN ASSIMILATED WHEN THEY CRASHED, BUT THEY'RE NOT MAKING SENSE!
KILL AND THEN CAPTURE US? AND WHO MAKES A SWORD OUT OF DAGGERS?
EXACTLY. THAT'S WHY I PULLED YOUR PRETTY BEHIND OUT OF DINO-LAND DOWN THERE.
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE BRAINY, POSSIBLY MANAGEMENT, EVEN? I MEAN, WHO ELSE WEARS A BOW TIE IN A JUNGLE?

BOW TIES ARE COOL. SEE-THROUGH SILK PANTS ARE STUPID.
WHAT WAS THAT?

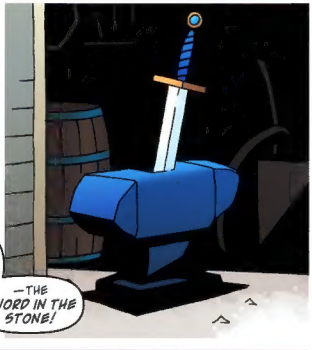
I SAID I MIGHT HAVE AN IDEA ON HOW TO SAVE US...
...IF I CAN FIND MY TARDIS!
I WONDER HOW AMY AND RORY ARE DOING?

WORLD TWO. RORY.
LOOK, THIS IS A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! I'M NOT BILLY THE KID, I'M RORY!
SORRY, BILLY, BUT IT'S THE GALLOWS FOR YOU!
SHERIFF! SHERIFF! THEY'RE COMING! HE'S COMING!


WHO'S 'HE'? SHOULD I BE WORRIED?
I MEAN, MORE WORRIED THAN ABOUT THE FACT THAT I'M ABOUT TO BE HANGED?
BILLY... OR RORY— WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL YOURSELF— IF WE FREE YOU, WOULD YOU HELP SAVE OUR TOWN?
IF THEY'RE COMING, WE'LL NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET!

NOT REALLY A DIFFICULT CHOICE, THERE! SIGN ME UP, I SUPPOSE.
UM, WHO EXACTLY ARE WE FIGHTING?
SONNY TARAN AND HIS MEN! FIVE BROTHERS, ALL ALIKE IN LOOKS AND TEMPERAMENT!
AND THE TEMPERAMENT IS MEAN!

NOW, UM... IS THERE SOME KIND OF WEAPON I COULD HAVE? SOMETHING TO DEFEND MYSELF?
ANYTHING?
WE DON'T HAVE ANY MORE GUNS OR RIFLES, BUT THERE IS THAT—


—THE SWORD IN THE STONE!

SWORD IN THE STONE. OF COURSE. WHY NOT?
THEY SAY THE MAN WHO PULLS THAT SWORD IS THE TRUE MARSHAL OF THE PLAINS!
MANY HAVE TRIED—
—LOOK!

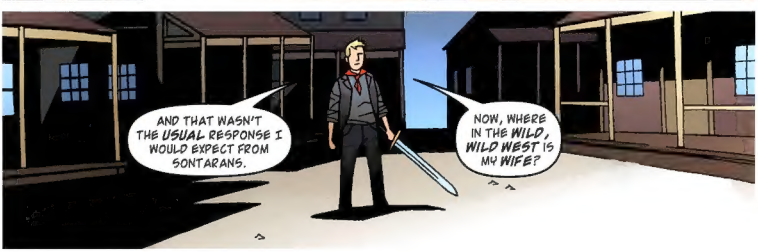
IT'S SONNY TARAN'S GANG! WE'RE DOOMED!
BLAM
BLAM

'RUN FOR THE MAGIC SWORD, RORY. IT'LL SAVE YOU'.
'DON'T LET THE SONTARANS IN COWBOY HATS SHOOT YOU IN THE FACE'.

WHY ARE THE SONTARANS WEARING COWBOY HATS?
AND WHERE'S AMY?

OKAY! WASN'T EXPECTING THAT!
SHIIIIZZZ

HE'S PULLED THE SWORD! RETREAT!
RUN AWAY LIKE THE COWARDLY CURS THAT WE ARE!


AND THAT WASN'T THE USUAL RESPONSE I WOULD EXPECT FROM SONTARANS.
NOW, WHERE IN THE WILD, WILD WEST IS MY WIFE?

WORLD THREE. AMY.
I SAID FOUR BEERS, WOMAN! ARE YOU DEAF?!
SONTARANS! NAZI SONTARANS!
COME ON, AMY! SERVE THE MEN!
UNLESS YOU KNOW HOW TO GET THE GERMANS OUT OF PARIS, IT'S OUR LOT IN LIFE!
COME ON, DOCTOR, WHERE ARE YOU?
YOU NEED A DOCTOR? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NOT REALLY, BUT I WILL BE. I HAVE A FRIEND WHO'LL SORT THIS ALL OUT.
HE HAS WINSTON CHURCHILL ON SPEED DIAL, YOU KNOW!
DID I HEAR THE WORD 'DOCTOR'? YOU KNOW THE DOCTOR?
FORGET THE BEERS, COME WITH ME TO GESTAPO HQ!
OH, I DON'T THINK SO, NOW. DO YOU?

ARGH!

GO TO THE RUE DANTE! THEY'LL HELP YOU!

STOP HER! RESTRAIN HER!

STOP! STOP OR WE SHOOT!

BRING ME THE OTHER WAITRESS. I WISH TO LEARN OF THE RUE DANTE.
WE WILL SURROUND IT AND CAPTURE THE GIRL. AND WITH HER...
...WE WILL FIND THE DOCTOR.

UH-OH. THE CARPET'S PLAYING UP. WE NEED TO CRASH-LAND!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'PLAYING UP'? IT'S A MAGIC CARPET!
DOCTOR, IT'S A POSITRONIC REPULSOR FIELD AROUND A RUG.
OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN THAT THIS WORLD ISN'T REAL?
AH YES. I'D KIND OF FALLEN INTO THE SWING OF THINGS.
SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THE BATTERY'S RUNNING LOW?
KIND OF. WHAT WE NEED IS— WHOAAA!
CLATTER
YES! KILL THEM!
DIVE! DIVE!

COME ON! WHEN I SAY RUN, RUN!
WE NEED TO GET INTO THE BUILDING! THEY'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW US ON FOOT—

DOWN!
SWOOSH

AGAIN! LOWER THIS TIME!
CUT THEM OFF AT THE KNEE!

SHHHMMM

NOW THAT'S A NEW TRICK.

WORLD TWO.

SO, I'M LIKE KING ARTHUR, RIGHT? A CHOSEN PROTECTOR?

PRETTY MUCH, I'D SAY. AND WITH SONNY TARAN AND HIS MEN...

...WE NEED AS MUCH PROTECTING AS WE CAN GET!

SO, WHAT NOW, SHERIFF? THE SWORD HAS BEEN PULLED, THE NEW MARSHAL IS HERE!

MARSHAL? WELL, LET'S NOT BE SO, UM, HASTY! I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHERE HERE IS!

BLACK ROCK, IDAHO. SOMETIME, I RECKON, AROUND 1880.

THANK YOU, UM—

CALL ME LISA.

I'M A TOURIST, JUST LIKE YOU.

SONNY TARAN AND HIS GANG! THEY'RE COMING BACK!

OKAY, THEN. THIS IS, WELL, NOT A DRILL, I SUPPOSE!

GET SOME PEOPLE UP HIGH WITH RIFLES. THEY'D BE A GOOD IDEA. I'LL SEE WHAT THESE CHAPS WANT.

ARE YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA? ALL YOU HAVE IS A SWORD! THEY HAVE GUNS! BIG GUNS!

IT'S A SWORD THEY SEEM TO BE SCARED OF, SO I'VE GOT THAT ON MY SIDE.
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SWORD, I HAVE CENTURIES OF PRACTICE.
ALTHOUGH IT SOUNDS A LITTLE ODD WHEN I SAY IT THAT WAY.

UM, HELLO? COULD YOU STOP, PLEASE?
THAT IS, I MEAN, NONE SHALL PASS!

SHOOT HIM. MANY TIMES.

SHHHMMM

WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN? CAN THEY DO THAT?
WHERE'S THE DOCTOR WHEN YOU NEED HIM TO—

—AHA.

WORLD THREE.

FIND HER! SHE CAN'T BE FAR!

AND HURRY! THE GESTAPO ARE COMING!

MMMPHH!

SHH! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU! LISA EVERWELL, BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

I'M HERE WITH THE RESISTANCE. COME WITH ME.

STOP RIGHT THERE! IN THE NAME OF THE FUEHRER!

YOU KNOW THE DOCTOR, YES? YOU CARRY HIS TOYS WITH YOU.
YOU WILL LEAD US TO HIM, OR YOU WILL—

SHHMMM

COME ON! QUICK! WHILE THEY'RE DISTRACTED!
THEIR SOFTWARE ONLY TAKES MOMENTS TO REBOOT!
SOFTWARE? WHO ARE YOU?

A VISITOR, LIKE YOU! ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A SPY, DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BE REAL!
NOW WE NEED A SAFE PLACE TO HIDE—
HOLD ON...

...I KNOW JUST THE PLACE.

WORLD NINE

SHHHHWWW

—DIE!

WHAT IS THIS? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM MAJOR DRAK OF THE SONTARAN BATTLE FLEET. AS ARE YOU.

YOU ARE ME? LIES! I AM ME!

I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR THIS CHARADE!

WE CRASHED HERE, SEE? A FLUCTUATING RIFT FILLED WITH FANTASY WORLDS.

WE STRUCK AT THE EPICENTER. AND LIKE SHARDS OF A SHATTERED MIRROR, WE FRAGMENTED.

VARIATIONS OF OUR TRUE SELVES TRAPPED ON EVERY PLANE OF EXISTENCE.

AND YOU KNOW THIS HOW?

EVERY REFLECTION WAS CAST INTO A DARK AGE— NO TECHNOLOGY, NO WAY TO LEARN THE TRUTH.

BUT OUR REFLECTIONS ARRIVED HERE, A FUTURE WORLD THAT WAS RIPE FOR ALTERATION.

USING THIS ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY, WE DISCOVERED THE LAYERS OF WORLDS, FRACTURING AND MELDING SINCE OUR ARRIVAL.

ONCE WE LOCATED EACH WORLD, IT WAS THE WORK OF A CHILD TO LOCK IN ON ANY SONTARAN DNA...

...AND TELEPORT YOU HERE.
WELCOME TO THE NEW SONTARAN EMPIRE, DRAK.

SHATTERED REFLECTIONS OF THE WHOLE, BUT AN ARMY TO BE FEARED.
NOW WE TAKE THESE MULTI-WORLD LOCATIONS AND MAKE THEM OUR OWN!
AN ARMY OF PERFECT SOLDIERS! WE CANNOT LOSE!

SONTAR-HA!

WORLD ONE.

I KNOW I HAVE IT SOMEWHERE!

WILL YOU GIVE UP WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING? WE NEED TO GET SOMEWHERE SAFE!

AHA! THERE YOU ARE! WE CAN USE THIS TO TUNE INTO THE DIMENSIONAL FREQUENCIES OF THE TARDIS!

HOLD ON. WHY DO WE STILL NEED TO GET SOMEWHERE SAFE? THE SONTARANS DISAPPEARED!

ROOAARRR!

OH YES. KEVIN. I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU.

JUST THE TICKET! NOW, LET'S FIND THE TARDIS!

THIS WAY! SPIT SPOT, EVERWELL!

COME ON... OPEN! I CAN NEVER FIND THE KEY WHEN I NEED IT—AHA!
SNAP SNAP

WORLD TWO.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
YOU LITTLE BLUE-BOXED BEAUTY, YOU!

WORLD THREE.
YOU'RE KIDDING ME! A BRITISH POLICE BOX? IN NAZI FRANCE?
SOMEONE NEEDS TO DO THEIR HISTORICAL RESEARCH!
IT'S MORE THAN THAT, LISA...

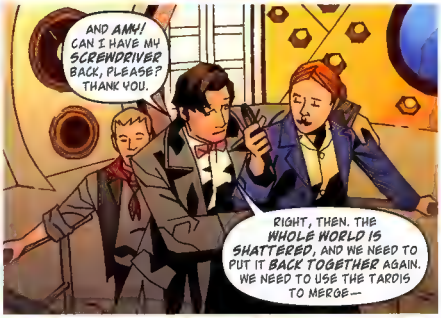
...IT'S OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!

COME ON! BE OPEN!

CLICK

CLATTER
LOOK OUT!

RORY! IT'S RORY! AND HE HAS A SWORD!
WHY DO YOU HAVE A SWORD, RORY?
I PULLED IT FROM A STONE.
OF COURSE YOU DID. SILLY OF ME TO ASK.

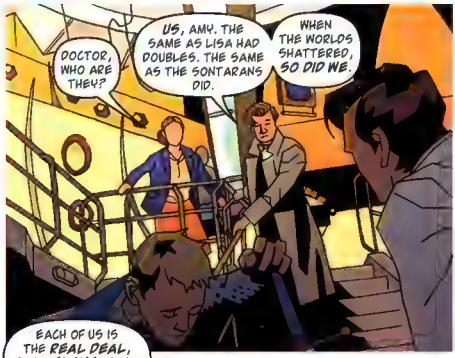

AND AMY! CAN I HAVE MY SCREWDRIVER BACK, PLEASE? THANK YOU.
RIGHT, THEN. THE WHOLE WORLD IS SHATTERED, AND WE NEED TO PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN. WE NEED TO USE THE TARDIS TO MERGE—

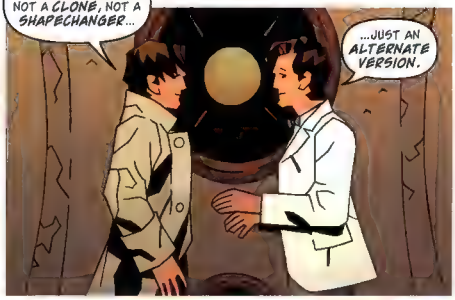
—HOLD ON A MOMENT. WHERE'S LISA?
HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT LISA?

LISA EVERWELL. SHE WAS JUST THERE. ON A HOLIDAY LIKE US. TRAPPED IN THE WORLD I WAS IN.
NO, SHE WASN'T! SHE WAS THE RESISTANCE WORKER THAT HELPED ME IN PARIS! SHE WAS RIGHT OUTSIDE!
BLACK HAIR, CUT IN A BOB? YEAH, SHE WAS IN THE WILD WEST, TOO!
BUT IF SHE WAS IN ALL THREE WORLDS—

DID YOU HAVE SONTARANS IN YOUR WORLD? I HAD THEM IN MINE. UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED.
EACH WORLD A REFLECTION OF THE OTHERS, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS US.
OR WAS IT?

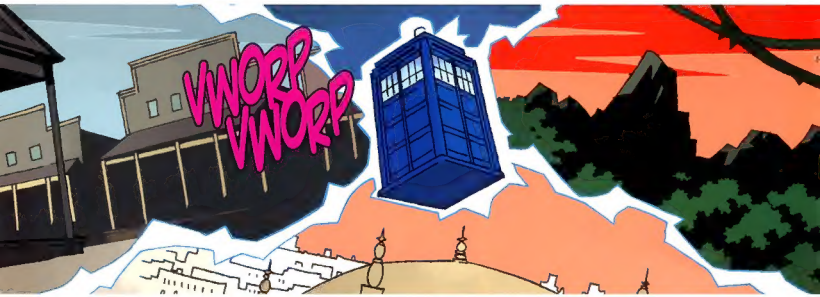
CRASH
LOOK OUT!


DOCTOR, WHO ARE THEY?
US, AMY. THE SAME AS LISA HAD DOUBLES. THE SAME AS THE SONTARANS DID.
WHEN THE WORLDS SHATTERED, SO DID WE.


EACH OF US IS THE REAL DEAL, NOT A CLONE, NOT A SHAPECHANGER...
...JUST AN ALTERNATE VERSION.

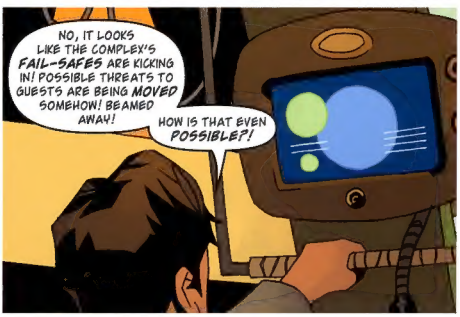
LOOK OUT!
WE NEED TO STOP THIS NOW!

WE NEED TO FOCUS A BEAM OF TRAGANIC ENERGY INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE FLURONIC PARTICLE MATTER!
IT SHOULD BRING ALL THE WORLDS TOGETHER!
IF IT DOESN'T BLOW US ALL UP FIRST!


VWORP VWORP

RUMBLE
WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE?! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY MERGE?
ARE WE ABOUT TO HAVE DINOSAURS AND NAZIS TOGETHER?

I HADN'T CONSIDERED THAT. APART FROM LISA, I THINK THEY'RE ALL ROBOTS.
NAZI DINOSAURS?
NAZI DINOSAURS ARE SO NOT COOL.


NO, IT LOOKS LIKE THE COMPLEX'S FAIL-SAFES ARE KICKING IN! POSSIBLE THREATS TO GUESTS ARE BEING MOVED SOMEHOW! BEAMED AWAY!
HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?!

ELSEWHERE.
YES! YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM, DOCTOR! THEY'RE OUR SOLDIERS!

DONG DONG
THE CLOISTER BELL!
WELL, THAT SHOWS WE'RE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT, ANYWAY!

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU.
WELL, THANK YOU, RORY.
YOU'RE VERY WELCOME, RORY.

THAT'S JUST WRONG ON SO MANY LEVELS.
YEAH, BUT IMAGINE THE POSSIBIL—
NO. JUST NO. STOP RIGHT THERE.

THAT SHOULD HAVE DONE THE TRICK! LET'S SEE WHAT'S OUT THERE—

—AH. THIS COULD BE A BIT OF AN ISSUE.

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
LET ME GUESS, DOCTOR, YOU DID THIS?
WELL, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIX IT?
THAT'S NOT THE QUESTION YOU SHOULD BE ASKING, LISA. THE IMPORTANT ONE IS...
...WHAT WILL THE SONTARANS DO WITH AN ARMY OF... THEM?
THIS COULD BE VERY BAD!
NEXT: AN ARMY OF ONE!

DOCTOR WHO
NEXT MONTH!
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE TELEPHONE
FREE
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC
ADVICE & ASSISTANCE
OBTAINABLE WHEREVER
OFFICERS & CARS
RESPOND TO ALL CALLS
PULL TO OPEN